

Nail Within "Under The Spell"

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I know.., clock is ticking back I know
Those pictures in my mind
Were chained upon a chain of blood hypnotic wounded
feelings from my mind
Her eyes to see
Idolize my pain inside our veins I check the limits of
pain
And the following game
The following game

It's a never-ending sea
Of melancholy

Hope, idolize and give pain, idolize and give haze
Appreciation but always in a haze
Mesmerized, no place to hide, speechless, nothing to
say
Covered by ashes, years of loss, by the burning bridge
of hope
hypnotic wounded feelings from my mind, conquer me

it's a never-ending sea, of melancholy in me
I share no doubt
Dirty needs for a dirty knife
And the colors inside
The colors inside...
At the tale, from august 98
Questions I have had
Questions, they refuse to die, refuse to disappear
Endless hours, smoky days, smell the stench of mind
Spell was sent one august night
Pictures of our pride
A storm upon an icy heart
stone-cold I have been

Faces cursed under the spell
All those eyes have seen
Naked both under the curse
Eternal mournful beings
Beauty of your open wounds
And mine to fill
Naked both under the curse

Eternal mournful being
Dirty needs of a dirty knife
And the colors deep inside
Feels like a never ending sea
Of melancholy in me
Spell was sent one august night
Once and straight to kill your pride
Awaits to haunt....

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